

A GATE TO THE FAR EAST

ELEMENTS LIKELY TO MAKE HONG-KONG A GREAT METROPOLIS.

United States Consul Not Equal to Situation—Hobson Well Liked—Serious Oriental Wars.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

HONG-KONG, Jan. 8.—As an indication of the heterogeneous crowds that are coming and going to the Philippines the passenger list of the Orient was very interesting. On the list were three naval officers transferred to other stations, a London newspaper correspondent, a member of the Royal Geographical Society who had been making explorations in Borneo and had been able to render efficient service to General Otis in the Philippines, a British office planter from Central America, on his way to Shanghai, and a Filipino widow going into voluntary exile. They fraternized amicably—rather more perfectly, in fact, than the same number of Americans from different and differing sections of the United States.

As we went out of the harbor at dusk the bright tropical stars came out overhead, and the afterglow of a gorgeous sunset slowly faded in the west. We could see the light at the mouth of the Pasig river for hours—first a small white light, then a white flash, followed by a less and a greater flash of red. This light, like the quays and other improvements, were mementoes of Spanish occupation. The captain of the Orient complained bitterly that a light near the entrance to the bay, removed or destroyed during the war, had never been replaced. He said that in a light which they sighted about 11 o'clock at night, and its absence made navigation at that point very difficult in thick weather. He said also that attention had been called to the matter repeatedly, but nothing had been done. He supposed it would not be replaced until another serious wreck occurred, and then, the harbor being cleared, the stable door would be locked.

"Maskee" is the shibboleth of the far East. It doesn't matter; by and by, let it go, and enterprising Americans fall under the spell, in time, as readily as do other people. It seemed delightful to return to Hong-Kong, after the enervating heat and mugginess of Manila. The sun was shining, birds were singing in the gardens—there are few or no singing birds about Manila—and the doves, cooing in the palms, recalled memories of Honolulu. There are several hotels in Hong-Kong—none of which would be accounted first-rate in the United States; big bare rooms, the tiniest of grates, in which a fire is necessary in the winter; beds that discount Portland cement pavement in their stoniness, and other things to correspond. Notwithstanding this drawback, at this season of the year they are crowded with globe trotters, or men on their way to their posts in remote quarters of the world. For Hong-Kong is literally the gate to the Far East—the point where the traveler transships for Australia, the Philippines, the Straits, Borneo, Siam and India.

OUR CONSUL CRITICIZED. All this makes the office of the United States consul at this particular post of the utmost importance. For the reason the best possible incumbent should represent here; and it is putting it mildly to say that the regime of the present incumbent leaves much to be desired. It is commonly understood throughout the East that he owes his position to political influence and that he holds it, regardless of what he may or may not do—and that means a good deal to the same potent cause. He is a man of literary tastes, and, in less degree, of literary pursuits; he has written a book which is lavishly advertised by the means of large posters hung on the walls and in the windows of the consulate, these posters headed by the stirring legend, "Read! Read! Read!" and, whether they read it or not, seafaring men who have official business at the consulate usually leave behind them the price of the volume, which they give away or add to the ship's library. It seems rather an undignified method, but entering one's own wares, for the representative of a great republic. In other respects the entire management of the consulate is susceptible of needed improvement.

A man died of plague during my return visit, the first fatal case that had occurred for some time. What the mortality was, though it was less prevalent and less fatal than in India—may be inferred from the fact that in over one thousand cases which occurred 97 per cent. was fatal. It is difficult to understand how such a scourge could have inflicted a city like Hong-Kong, where the drainage is exceptionally good, the streets in fine condition and the general sanitation looked after by a painstaking and competent municipal board. It was confined almost wholly to the west end of the city, where the Chinese are crowded together like rabbits in a warren, and where they live in the midst of filth that even the painstaking English authorities cannot abolish. The disease is due to this cause, to insufficient food, a low state of vitality, and, as a rule, rarely attacked foreigners who were not brought immediately and frequently in contact with it. The foreign residents were not much frightened; very few left the city, except those who usually seek to escape the intense heat aggravated by dampness, in which everything is thickly covered with mold—those who spend their summers in the mountains of Japan. Among those who died was an English lady who had two attacks, recovering easily from the first, and an English nurse, whose grave monument has been placed by the people of Hong-Kong. It is thought that she would not have contracted the disease but that a patient in his delirium spat in her face. Within a few hours she sickened and died in great agony.

A YOUNG HERO.

Among the foreigners who had a narrow escape was a young official in the health department named Reidie, a sturdy young Scotchman. His business had been to report cases, attend to their isolation and the fumigation of infected premises. In the performance of his duty he had frequently to handle the sick, of whom, however, he manifested not the slightest fear. Finally he discovered in one house a Japanese boy who, with his mother, was in a dying condition. He picked the boy up and carried him out of the house. In an incredibly short time he became ill himself, the disease manifesting itself in its most virulent form. From the moment he was seized he was unconscious, his temperature rose alarmingly and no one supposed that he could possibly recover. In spite of the fever the chief specific in treating the disease is brandy, this being about all that is given, in frequent and heroic doses. Fortunately for him the young Scotchman's constitution had not been enfeebled by dissipation, and this, with his youth and strength, helped him through. He felt that he would never, he thought, be able to speak of it, although he said that he recovered in a short time and

without showing the slightest outward indication of his illness, but his brain had never been quite clear, and that he had never felt quite himself since his recovery. His courage and devotion were talked of everywhere, and the government sent him to Japan to recuperate, which was the least that it could have done.

It is now believed that the plague will not return this season, although it has not been so easily stamped out in India. It is undoubtedly traveling northward, and quarantine regulations are enforced against Port Arthur and Kobe and Yonm Kots. They are now getting ready for it in Peking—that is, the foreign doctors are studying and preparing themselves to deal with it, as they feel certain that they will be called upon to do so. To make any sort of practicable sanitary reform with the aid and sanction of the imperial government would be expecting the performance of the impossible. Dr. George Lowry, the son of Dr. Lowry, president of the Methodist Hospital, went to Tongku several months ago, offering his services to the quarantine station there in order to study any cases that might be discovered on the ships detained at that port. The physicians and the public health officials have one great advantage in dealing with the Chinese; that is, there are no caste superstitions to combat and they have surprising faith in Western physicians and in Western methods of treating disease. This is shown by their liberal patronage of mission hospitals—the families of generals and of important public officials being received as paying patients, while the public clinic, which is free to those who are too poor to pay, is thronged by hundreds, fifty patients a day being the average. In Shanghai the total number in a month at the Woman's Hospital in the native city runs up into the thousands. They have their own superstitions—chiefly relative to luck, good or bad, to the mysterious fang shui—the malevolent or benevolent influence of wind and water, and a fear of ghosts and devils. They also have an aversion to bathing, this neglect making them peculiarly susceptible to disease. One rich Chinese merchant in Hong-Kong said "that he considered washing the body very unhealthy, himself, had not had a bath for ten years."

A child, as another example of their aversion to caring for the body, was brought to a friend of mine by a Christian Chinese woman, that she might influence the mother to take better care of it; the little creature's hair had not been combed for months, and it was a living mass of vermin which had not only bred in the hair itself, but had eaten into the scalp. The first step in treating the child was to cut off the dreadful hair, after which the doctor took the little creature regularly in hand with salutary results.

SIGHTS OF HONG-KONG.

The promontory which rises, almost perpendicular, behind Hong-Kong is called the Peak. Half the time it is wreathed in clouds which come floating down across the city in a fine mist that drenches one like an April shower. There is a cable tram which carries the visitor up to the summit in a few minutes. To look down upon the city and the shipping in the harbor is a test of nerve and courage; the houses appear at this great height like trees of a toy village, and the steamers diminished to mere playthings in the great distance.

A dissipated hotel, whose owner went into bankruptcy, has been bought by the British government and turned into a hospital and quarters for convalescent soldiers, who are greatly benefited by the keen salt winds that sweep over the Peak continually. There is also a new hotel which is always full and which has had for some months among its guests our own Lieutenant Hobson, who is greatly lionized in Hong-Kong, where he is much admired for his modesty and his manliness. It is said of him, in the "foreign community," as society is distinguished in the East, that much praising has not spoiled him, and that his head has not been in the least turned by his many brilliant honors. He spent New Year's day in Canton with friends, being one of the distinguished guests at the club ball where the English, Americans and Germans danced the old year out. To return to the attractions of the Peak, one of some importance is the picturesque residence of a wealthy Jew who came to Hong-Kong years ago with a peddler's pack on his back. He went into the opium trade and is now many times a millionaire. The house is of brick—a rather low structure spreading out over much ground, with the deep shade of the trees of all houses throughout the East. There are lawns set with such shrubs and plants as can thrive in the buffeting breeze—rhododendrons, camellias and japonicas, and there is a large garden with deer and aviary and other attractions which is freely opened to the public. From the house the view is unsurpassed—the entire sweep of water which encircles the rocky island upon which Hong-Kong is built, other islands, the gray islands, with a view of the mainland, a generous strip of which the English have recently annexed, and which now makes them safe from being hemmed in by an enemy who might approach from that side opposite their own harbor. They can now surround Hong-Kong with men-of-war, which anchor literally in what have become British waters. The view of this mansion dispenses the most princely hospitality, and the garden parties and dinners of summer are followed by costly dinners and balls during the winter.

He owns whole streets in Hong-Kong, and, it is said, went to London several years ago, hired a duke's town house, family palaces, portraits, servants, horses and carriages, and, half of London came to eat his pate de foie gras and drink his champagne—possibly foregoing the pleasure of being introduced to the host, after the manner of very smart society folk. This successful opium dealer had two children—two sons, the eldest of whom within the year died after a short illness. This bereavement so preyed upon the mother's mind that she shut herself up in the fine house for months, refusing to be comforted, until it finally became material to send her to India, where she still is. No one was living in the place except the owner, whom we met, and to whom I was introduced, a man now growing gray, but with a keen, intelligent face, an agreeable, courteous manner, very different from the Jewish millionaire usually depicted in novels and on the stage. He asked me into the house, and the invitation being declined, he begged us to go about wherever we liked and to make ourselves quite at home.

GROWTH OF BUSINESS.

Hong-Kong is giving one evidence of growth and prosperity in that many fine and handsome residences are being built upon the mountain side. Those upon the peak are mainly summer residences. A new house for the Governor is going up not far from that of the Jewish merchant. Not only must all the building material be carried up to the top on the backs of coolies, since there are almost no beasts of burden in this city of steep streets, but a terrace for the foundation and the lawn must be leveled along the face of the slope out of the solid rock. In twenty years, at the present rate of development of the Eastern trade, Hong-Kong will be a great metropolis. It already reaps the benefits

of transoceanic travel and traffic, which has been perceptibly increased since our occupation of the Philippines and the recent commercial rivalry between the powers for the trade of the Chinese empire. There has been a great advance in prices, which is attributed to the reckless bargaining of American soldiers, who come ashore from the troopships bound to Manila. They paid whatever was asked, and the Chinese merchants, as keen after profits as any Jew, were not slow to avail themselves of their opportunity. What a difference there can be between the sum asked and that finally accepted may be realized from this not uncommon incident:

A tourist going about, with a Chinese guide—an honest fellow, as it happened, who contented himself with the "squeeze" he got out of the dealers to whom he always took his patrons—saw a porcelain figure of Buddha which he wanted. He asked what it was worth—the dealer has a little booth in the street—and was promptly told that it was worth \$4. The guide frowned and shook his head warningly. "No buy; no buy," he said under his breath. "I go catchee heap better Buddha, and no go so much." While the guide's restriction was in effect, the dealer, who was armed with a long, clumsy spear, and carried a lantern, however brilliant the moonlight. His function is three-fold—first, to preserve order; second, to open doors, and third, to sing out the hours as they pass and an exact account of the state of the weather. As in other parts of Spain—and, indeed, many European cities—persons living in apartment houses carry no street-door keys, but depend upon the watchman for admission at night. Naturally, in a country where people sleep through half the day, late hours are the rule. At intervals all night long, until dawn is fairly in the heavens, your sleep is constantly disturbed by belated revelers, going noisily homeward and shouting "Seren!" at the top of their voices, until that worthy appears with his big bunch of keys and unlocks their doors. And then the song of that bird of night! Every half hour, for a street corner, he sings forthrightly: "La hora es de dormir, o sea, la hora es de dormir." La noche esta claro y sereno. Ave Maria Purissima!

Yesterday morning, after a particularly unsatisfactory night, so far as sleep is concerned—owing to unusual gaudies preceding Lent and innumerable revelers demanding the services of the serenito—I turned out early to seek consolation in the ever-satisfying panorama of the streets. Turning the first corner of the narrow street, I found myself in the midst of a strange procession. The central figure of it was a cow, gaily decked with garlands of flowers. She was led by a barefooted girl; and immediately behind followed a blind man and a boy, the former blowing a flageolet, the latter beating a drum. What in the world it meant I could form no idea, until I asked a woman in the crowd, who politely endeavored to conceal her surprise at the dense ignorance of "those Americans." It seems that such a procession is of very common occurrence, though this is the first I have happened to encounter. The animal might be a goat, a donkey, or any other creature, as well as a cow; but it is always flower-decked and advertised by music to be raffled for, anybody who will paying a trifle and taking his chances. It is a favorite way of "raising the wind," as they say in America, for the people are born gamblers, and even a raffle appeals to them strongly.

STREET SIGHTS OF THE STREET.

A little farther on I met an entirely different procession. First came a dozen boys, carrying long candles; then a coffin, borne by four men, whose heads were buried under the sweeping black pall so that only their feet were visible, and it looked as if the coffin were actually walking of itself. Several priests followed, in strange black habits striped with red, whose like I have never seen before, and who were being brought up by a band, consisting of two bassoons and an oboe, which made a most weird and melancholy accompaniment to the solemn chant of the priests. The procession was on its way to the cemetery. Every now and then it halted in front of a house—presumably that of some friend of the deceased—the coffin was set upon the ground and the face of the dead uncovered. People came out of the house to take a look at the dead, and the crowd gathered curiously near; and after a few minutes the music and march were resumed.

A little further on I came upon a group of peasants engaged in the picturesque industry of spinning the green rope so much used by Spanish farmers. It is manufactured from the coarse pampas grass of the Guadalupe plains. The operation is a very leisurely and social one, requiring a rude wooden wheel and three persons. One man, woman, or child, feeds the wheel; another turns it, and a third receives the twisted rope. An indispensable article of the peasant costume, male or female—should an absence from home of even an hour or two be contemplated—is the alfalfa. It is not unlike the donkey-pannier—a long stout strip of woven cloth, with a bag at either end. The alfalfa is ornamented with a fringe of blue, scarlet or yellow wool. It is worn over the left shoulder, and the bags invariably contain a wine-skin, the other a pot of garlic, or a green pudding.

THE CASA DE PILATAS.

My destination was the Casa de Pilatas "House of Pilate," which stands near the Carmona gate, amid a labyrinth of the narrowest and dirtiest streets of Seville. It was an exact counterpart of Pilate's house, in Jerusalem; but as it was planned by Arab architects, in the year 1590, and finished by Spanish workmen nearly half a century later, the similarity is doubtful. Its history is this: In the year 1499 Don Pedro Enriquez (in our language his name would be plain Mr. Peter Henry), made his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return conceived the brilliant idea of reproducing in Seville the house of the Roman praetor. He died not long afterwards and his son, Don Fadrique Enriquez de Ribera, first marquis of Tarifa (who had not been in Jerusalem), carried on the good work. A generation or two later it was finished by Afan de Ribera, the first Duke of Alcalá, and a viceroys of Naples—all related by blood or marriage, and ancestors of the present proprietor, the Duke of Medina-Celi. The latter is old and feeble, but delights to personally conduct foreigners over the structure and explain its manifold beauties. The largest court is surrounded by statues of pagan gods and busts of Roman heroes—Scipio Africanus, Marcus Tullius, Hadrian, Cicero and a score of others. The heavy, stolid visage of Charles V. to whom, as a descendant of the Caesars, Spanish pride has assigned a niche, looks ill at ease in such distinguished company. While the Duke of Alcalá was viceroy of Italy, his friend, Pope Pius V., presented him with many rare and curious treasures of antiquity, and these, subsequently, all found their way to the Casa de Pilatas, which had become the family fad. The thing which the duke most prized was an urn, containing the ashes of Emperor Trajan, who was a native of the Roman village, Italica, four miles from Seville. The duke intended to reinter the remains of the Emperor in his cathedral, and the duke's pomp and the wealth and influence of a vice king could command, and to make of it a function so splendid as to render his own name immortal. But while he was absent preparing for the great event, an overzealous servant was seized with a spasm of neat-

SCENES IN OLD SEVILLE

WATCHMAN WHO "TELLS OF THE NIGHT" DISTURBS SLEEP.

The "House of Pilate" and Other Strange Memorials of the Christian Tragedy—Marshal Prim.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

SEVILLE, Spain, Feb. 7.—To think of the serenito, as Spanish nightwatchmen are called, patrolling the silent streets and calling the hours to the sleeping city is a very pretty idea; but when you come to live with them their romance suffers considerably. Several serenitos perambulate every street from sunset until sunrise. Each is armed with a long, clumsy spear, and carries a lantern, however brilliant the moonlight. His function is three-fold—first, to preserve order; second, to open doors, and third, to sing out the hours as they pass and an exact account of the state of the weather. As in other parts of Spain—and, indeed, many European cities—persons living in apartment houses carry no street-door keys, but depend upon the watchman for admission at night. Naturally, in a country where people sleep through half the day, late hours are the rule. At intervals all night long, until dawn is fairly in the heavens, your sleep is constantly disturbed by belated revelers, going noisily homeward and shouting "Seren!" at the top of their voices, until that worthy appears with his big bunch of keys and unlocks their doors. And then the song of that bird of night! Every half hour, for a street corner, he sings forthrightly: "La hora es de dormir, o sea, la hora es de dormir." La noche esta claro y sereno. Ave Maria Purissima!

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ness, as servants sometimes are, and he thought himself that the dusty old urn needed cleaning. So he emptied the precious contents into the gutter, scrubbed out the stone receptacle and turned it up in the sun to air, like a milk pail. The rage of the duke may be imagined, but it couldn't correct matters, and the funeral ceremonies were indefinitely postponed.

Near the main entrance to Casa de Pilatas are some ancient Roman marbles, including an angular cross of Marmol Africano and two columns of rosso breccia well worth looking at. Crossing the picturesque first court you come to the beautiful Moorish patio, adorned with white marble columns, and most lovely arches and windows. The hall to the right are some exquisite tiles and a fine coffered ceiling; and beyond it, seen through a window, are two ancient columns of breccia pavonazza ten feet high. Opening out of this court is the famous chapel, in which stands one short column of Porto Santa marble, probably the only specimen in Spain. It is a model, in size and shape, of the column in black and white Egyptian marble, preserved in a chapel of San Sordano, Rome, as the traditional pillar of which Christ was scourged. Nothing has been omitted from this chapel which pertains to that far-away tragedy.

A GRIM MEMORIAL.

Besides the pillar of the scourging and the cruel whips, there is the basin in which the hands were washed, the table upon which the thirty pieces of silver were counted, the dice with which his garments were raffled, the thorns from which the crown was woven, the spikes for his hands and feet, and even the hammer that drove them. At the top of the stairs the cock that crowed is seen, stuffed, in a niche of the wall, with entire disregard of the fact that the famous bird did not live in Pilate's house, but in that of Calphas. Perhaps the object of profound veneration in Seville is this scourging pillar, which was presented to the Duke of Alcalá by Pope Pius V. At the right of the chapel a plain black wooden cross indicates the starting point for the pilgrimage of fourteen "stations," which ends at Cruz del Campo, the supposed distance from the judgment hall to Calvary. On the day of every year penitents make the pilgrimage on their knees. The way leads through the rough and slightly ascending Calle Oriente (East street), passing the church of San Estevan, under the shadow of the great stone aqueduct which supplies Seville with water. Half an hour's brisk walk brings you to an open Gothic chamber, inclosing a tall wooden crucifix. The view from this eminence is charming; and so are the obtained from the terraced roof of Casa de Pilatas. There are many other quaint and curious things in the building—enough to keep one busy a long day through. Among the many rare marbles are some columns of Verde Antico, brought from the ruins of Italica—the Roman city near Seville. There are paintings galore, a naranjo ceiling, and a gorgeous staircase of purple tiles. To my mind the glory of the place is its splendid azulejos, like those of the Alcazar, and its garden of enormous banana trees.

By the way, it was in this quarter of Seville that Marshal Prim was assassinated. Do you know the story? King Amadeus seems to have been a free and easy sort of a young fellow, who found the endless ceremonies of the Spanish court extremely distasteful. In order to do away with some of them, and at the same time to popularize himself he used to walk about the streets and out into the country, with few attendants, chatting familiarly along with the way with people whom he chanced to meet. On one occasion, when attended only by Marshal Prim and another courier, he stopped on a country road to talk to a mulatto. Of course the man removed his hat in the presence of the King; but the day was hot and the road unshaded, and Amadeus kindly told him to put it on, unaware of the fact, which was plain enough to the mulatto, that according to long established Spanish etiquette, it made any man a nobleman to be permitted to wear his hat in presence of the King. Marshal Prim, aware of Amadeus' mistake, struck the hat from the man's hand and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the mulatto a sum of money. The money was proudly refused, the mulatto went on to give words; and a few days later Marshal Prim was assassinated. Indications pointed to the offended mulatto, the strongest being that he had suddenly disappeared.

FANNIE B. WARD.

They Will Be Done.

Not in dumb resignation
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nervous fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
From the heart of the sun,
And cries exulting out, "Thee,
O Lord! Thy will be done!"

When tyrant foes are tramping
Upon the common soil,
Thou dost not bid us bend and write
To the senseless world below.
In Thy name we assert our right,
Thy sword or our pen,
And e'en the headman's ax may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong,
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to bow, no knee to kneel,
Wherever man oppresses man,
Thy sword, Thy liberal soul,
O Lord, be there, Thy will be done!
—John Hay.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

And She Did.

Harper's Bazar.
Benham—I want you to understand that I am the head of the family.
Mrs. Benham—The doctor said I would have trouble with my head.

Her Sarcasm.

Puck.
Mr. Snarley—I never was one that wanted to get something for nothing.
Mrs. Snarley—Well, that is about what happened when you married me.

Stays by Him.

Philadelphia Bulletin.
"Clarence caught a cold nearly a year ago that he hasn't got rid of yet."
"You don't say?"
"Yes; he married a Boston girl."

Forgot Him.

Puck.
"They say Uncle Ned remembers seeing George Washington."
"No, sah! He used ter remember dat; but he don't since he done jined de chuch."

Its Mannishness.

Chicago Tribune.
Claribel—Do you mean to say you can sharpen a lead pencil neatly?
Winifred—I can.
Claribel—And you are not ashamed of it?

His Feeling.

Puck.
Inquiring Tourist—Tell me, what were your sensations while you were crouching in your cyclone cellar with the terrible tornado raging just above you?
Kansas Farmer—Well, I reckon it's safe to say that I felt sorter under the weather.

Justice Ever Alert.

Puck.
Arkansas Justice (to spectator who has just entered)—Huck Buckleby, I fine you five dollars for contempt of court.
Buckleby—Huh, 'Squire! I ain't said a word yet!
Arkansas Justice—I know it, but that that boss you traded to me last week has got a spey, and this is really the only

Cincinnati....


The Largest, The Lowest Priced, The Best Wholesale Dry Goods Market

Merchants of Indiana and the West, Cincinnati offers you triple the advantages of any other Dry Goods market—the largest assortments—the most complete stocks—the closest prices. The Alms & Doepke Co. hold a position of recognized leadership, and its great resources, vast stocks, fair treatment and prices scaled down to close margins helps the business and insures good profits for every merchant who selects from our unsurpassed assortments.

It is but a short ride to Cincinnati—
Think, act and judge for yourself.

The Alms & Doepke Co.

CINCINNATI



Time is Money

Time is money and worth saving. If Omaha is the point you want to reach, you can save half a day by selecting the right route. Big 4 "No. 11" from this city, reaches St. Louis 6:56 p. m.; Vandalia "No. 21" at 7:12 p. m.; Wabash "Cannon Ball" leaves only eighteen (18) minutes later (7:30 p. m.) and you are in Omaha next morning in time for breakfast. Avoid trouble—no other route will get you there much before noon.

Our Connection West.—If you want to reach Ogden, Salt Lake, Butte, Helena, San Francisco, Spokane, Portland or Seattle, you have only twenty-five minutes' wait in Omaha, when the "Overland Limited" starts for these points. Wonderfully convenient, don't you think?

A folder—simple, complete—tells all about it; something worth knowing. If you want to reach any western city, you can have full, specific information about your best fares and connections, railroad and sleeping car rates, etc., and the rate will be right.

Address C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agt., St. Louis.

chance I'll have to give even with you. Fork over, or go to jail!

A Choice of Problems.

Harper's Bazar.
Geraldine—When does the twentieth century begin?
Gerald—Let's talk about something less complicated; I'll tell you how to score a baseball game.

Revised Version.

Chicago News.
"Why stand ye idle here all the day?"
The tax-payer, who is fond of quotations.
"Because," replied the party of the second part, "I am a city employee."

Faulty Construction.

Puck.
"De Smithers says he is the architect of his own fortune."
"Yes; but it's probably lucky for him that the building inspector didn't happen around while he was making it."

In Chicago.

Puck.
Mr. Porkchops—That was a corkin' dinner last night, Maria; but I can't get used to a dress suit.
Mrs. Porkchops—No?
Mr. Porkchops—No, I wouldn't have it on in my shirt sleeves!

Tribunal of Last Resort.

Puck.
Maxon—Did you tell your wife about that California decision that a man had a right to be out all night and give no account of himself?
Waxon—I did.
Maxon—Then what did she say?
Waxon—That the decision was reversed.

A Mere Father.

Chicago Tribune.
"Is that the little darling?" asked young Mr. Newdard, when they brought the little morsel of humanity waddled up to its ears in long, creamy white wrappings, for him to inspect. "Let me hold it."
"Indeed you shall not," they told him.
"Why not?" he demanded. "I'm it's father."
"Yes," they said, "and that's all you are."

His Good Record.

Boston Bazar.
"It is not merely whether you truly love me," said the rich widow who is the mother of six little children. "I must also have assurance that you will be a kind and loving father to my tender infants."
"Beloved," cried the suitor in reply, "be comforted. For ten long years I was the manager of an orphan asylum; and never during that time did I speak a cross word, save in self-defense."

SWEET PEAS

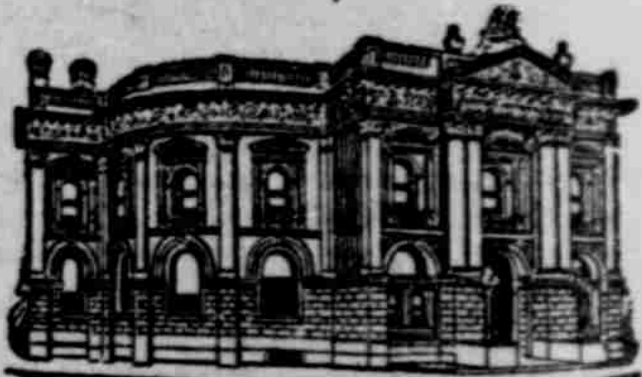
Nasturtium, Tall and Dwarf,
Garden and Flower Seed;
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That the keeping of valuables about the house is a dangerous thing, being a constant temptation to servants and to burglars? Would you not rest easier if assured that everything of value is in a safe deposit vault in a Safe Deposit Vault? \$2 a year pays for a box. All business confidential.

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Costs less than One Cent a cup.
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